

RAPTURE

100

NO. 1

50c

NEW GIRL IN TOWN

**DREAMS OF A
PRIVATE SEX-RETARY**

**SOUTH OF
THE BORDER**

**WINE,
WOMEN
AND...**

**PEACH
ON THE
BEACH**



RAPTURE

EDITORIAL

YOU DON'T HAVE to get a degree in psychology to know that wishes are the stuff that dreams are made of. And when wishes are fulfilled, when the dream comes true — that state is known as RAPTURE.

There you have it in a nutshell. RAPTURE in the magazine that *dares* to make your dreams come true.

Of course, if all the dreams of men were laid end to end—there wouldn't be time for anything else. Naturally we can go just so far, do just so much. The rest is up to you. And we don't have to remind you that the oldest do-it-yourself-project is still the one that is the most fun!

We can show you how, show you where and show you when. We can give you an inkling of *her* innermost thoughts. In short, we can give you the key, the magic entry to RAPTURE.

What's the key?

Simple: it's the other half of the dream — *her* half, the one you can't do without. Women, of course, are dreamers too. They have day dreams, night dreams, cool dreams and hot, hot dreams. And when they dream they dream of you!

So handle these pages with care. This is powerful stuff, precious stuff. It's your passport to RAPTURE. We've searched everywhere to bring back this glittering armful of dream girls.

Don't flip these pages too quickly, however tempted you are to see more. Remember — the best things in life can be ruined by too much haste. Be calm, go slowly, that's the way to RAPTURE.

And remember one thing more: if you follow our guidance, if you learn the secret passage to her innermost dreams, then all you have to do is move in and take over. You fit your dream to hers and you're in like Flynn. From then on it's nothing but RAPTURE.

VOL. 1 NO. 1

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by CHUCK LYMAN



NEW GIRL IN TOWN

*The key
to Rapture
is the one
to your
front door!*

THE HIGHEST-SCORING bachelor we've ever met is a guy with a 24 karat, solid brass gimmick. Not that this lad doesn't have plenty of brass of his own. But in addition to that, he's got brains. His stunt is beautifully simple. It consists of a front-door key.

Because this guy travels a lot he naturally gets to meet a lot of dames. He isn't surrounded with glamour and he isn't loaded with dough. Matter of fact, he sells industrial hardware and he looks like any other Joe from Maine to Texas.

But because he's a big-hearted guy—with a purpose of course—he never lacks for free female companionship. He simply offers the gals a key.

You might think that this would be obvious—too obvious an invitation. Well, it might be at that. Depends on who's doing it—and to whom. The way this fellow has it worked out, his offer just seems to happen—a sudden burst of generosity.

He meets a girl, maybe takes her to dinner, maybe he just passes the

time of day with her in the outer office. It can be a hot date or a nodding acquaintance. As he puts it, you never know when casting a key on the waters will bring you back bread. And he doesn't mean bread.

Since his apartment happens to be in a big city and since he is away from it a good deal of the time—or says he is—his approach seems genuine enough.

"Here, honey," he says, "take this key, and here's my address. If you ever come into town for a visit, give me a call. If I'm home, we'll do the town. If I'm not, the place is yours. There's Scotch in the liquor cabinet and instructions how to work the hi-fi."

According to his estimate, about five out of ten little charmers take him up on his invitation. Occasionally, he really is out of town. Then, all he knows of the visit is a tender note and a faint whiff of perfume on his pillow. More often than not, however, he simply refuses to answer his phone.

Sometimes he's busy with a current engagement, sometimes, he's

just lying low. He goes out for a few hours, comes back and lets himself in by the back door. And there, stretched out in front of his fireplace, wearing his second-best pajamas, is a new found friend.

As you can see from these pages, the gimmick works. In this instance, our pal hid in his apartment and took these pictures when his visitor arrived. When he had all the evidence he needed, he hollered, "Surprise!"

Think his pretty visitor objected? Heck, no. Take a gander at the last page. By this time she had showered, poured herself a drink, sniffed around the apartment like Goldilocks. But unlike Goldilocks, she decided to make like a little bare. In short, when our friend showed his face, she was ready and eager for a little male companionship.

So the moral of this story is, if you want to build a lovely friendship, whether it be with a girl you meet on a plane, a receptionist in your office, or the cutey next door—don't be stingy with your key.





Visiting a bachelor's apartment is
a good way to start a friendship.



Trouble is, a girl can get sort
of bored drinking by her lonesome.

Wonder if he'll object to my simple, informal getup. Casual, sorta.



Even if he doesn't show up, this is better than going to a hotel.





Somehow I have the feeling I'm being watched, but he said I could have this fancy apartment all to myself.



Wouldn't he be surprised to find me here, relaxed and all ready for bed. Do I hear a key in the lock? Yay!





RAPTURE in the RAIN

*Grey skies spell
purple passion*



EDITOR'S NOTE: *For the first time that we know of, we are printing a model's-point-of-view in a magazine devoted to men. While our model, Nina, paused between poses, she leafed through a copy of RAPTURE and—as she put it—she began to sizzle. "Why do you just present the men's point of view?" she pouted prettily. "How about giving a gal a chance?" Since we believe in giving all gals a chance we let Nina have her head. We already had her body—on film that is. So herewith—a woman's point of view.*

I MUST CONFESS that when I blew my stack (EDITOR'S NOTE: *When she says stack, she means stacked.*) at RAPTURE's editor, I didn't think they were going to tell me, "put up or shut up." When they told me I could have these pages to present a woman's point of view, I got nervous.

After all, baring your soul in print is a lot more intimate than baring your skin before a camera. Still, I've got nothing to hide (*What Nina's*

got you couldn't hide if you tried. ED.) and I do think women should get a chance to have their say.

The funny thing about it is that men talk about cocktails and moonlight and fast cars and fancy bars—as if that were the only things that makes a girl go ping! inside. I'm only speaking for myself, of course, but I'm sure many thousands of women would agree with me when I say that the thing that excites a woman most is rain!

That's what I said, r-a-i-n, torrent, drizzle or downpour. Rain plus a warm, comfortable room, plus an even warmer, more comfortable man—take it from me, that spells RAPTURE.

Oh, sure, every girl likes to be wined and dined and every girl likes flattery, attention, romantic atmosphere. I've lost my head and my heart more than once in the back seat of a car or on a beach picnic when the moon was low. But these aren't the moments that thrill me most.

Because I'm a woman (*Amen, Ed.*)

Continued on the next page

by DEXTER ORDWAY



A rainy day, our model says, is just the sort of day for loafing around the house, especially if there's someone to loaf with.



I really crave security. I want the feeling of being cared-for, protected and loved. That's the kind of feeling I get on a rainy afternoon. The sound of raindrops drumming on the roof soothes my nerves and arouses my senses. It is like a far-off jungle tom-tom and it says something to me. It says: now is the time for love.

What I particularly like on a rainy afternoon is to have a small fire blazing in the hearth. I put on my lounging pajamas and luxuriate in the feel of cool satin next to my warm skin. If I have a date for the afternoon, I call him over. If I haven't got a date, I make one fast. Who knows, the rain might be over before it's too late.

This feeling of being sheltered from the rain with someone who is warm and responsive is something I dig the most. Because it is raining outside, I can ignore the promptings of my conscience. I can tell myself that this is a bad day to wash my hair, it's too nasty outside to go shopping and I'd never find a taxi to take me to the dentist.

So I'm free to enjoy myself, to answer the message of the rain. I turn the lights down low so that the fire-light will glow warmly in the grey-ness of the room. I put soft music on the phonograph and I stretch out like a cat while my date mixes a drink. We talk in whispers — when it's necessary to talk — and the throbbing of our pulse-beats blends with the rhythm of the rain.

I could go on and on with intimate details but these might make the editors blush. (*Sure, we'd blush, but we'd love it.* ED.) But this should be enough to give you the idea. Any woman would know at once what I'm talking about, and it is time you men did too. My advice is this:

Take your gals out, wine them and dine them, give them fun, flattery, romance. They'll love it. But save your big move for a rainy afternoon. That's when they want to be cared for, when they want to be soothed and cuddled. Plan your strategy with an eye to the weather. And when the forecast says "Showers, tonight and tomorrow..." make a date with love.



There may be rain on the
roof, her glance is sunny.



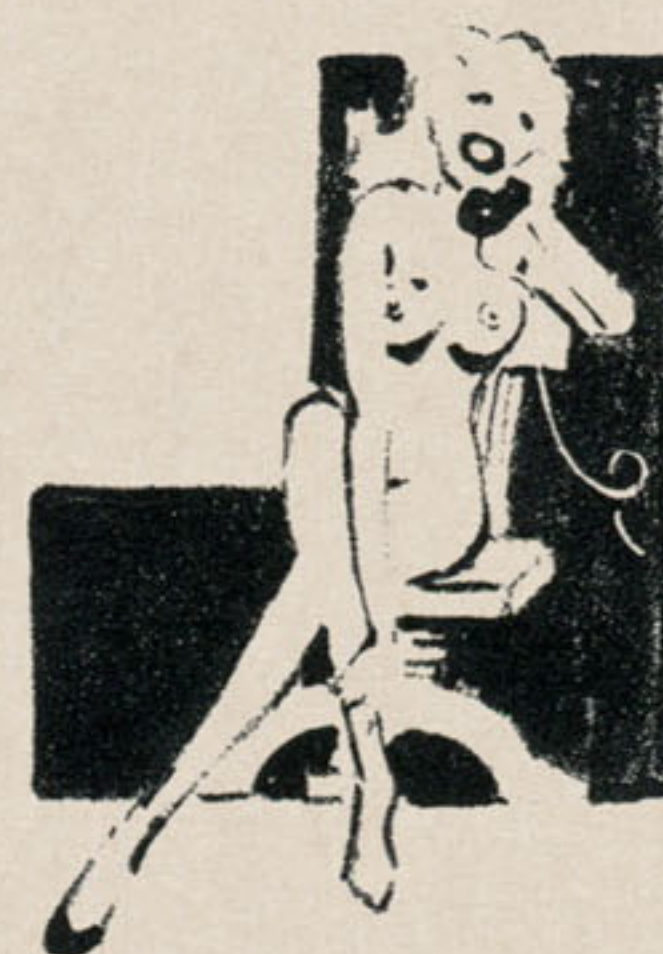


by DOUG MATTOCK



PRIVATE SEXRETARY

*When boss is away,
baby likes play!*



A GIRL WHO POUNDS a typewriter all day has to have a little fun now and then. Being a secretary can be a fascinating job for some women — that is, if their bosses treat them right. But for others, it is just a grind. They have one major complaint: “except when he needs me, the boss doesn’t know I’m alive.”

Now, the smart executive is the one who knows his secretary is alive. An even smarter one is the man who brings his secretary to life. It’s there all right. There in front of your nose. All you have to do is see it, develop it and encourage it. A secretary doesn’t want only to be a workhorse. She wants to be a woman too.

If you stop to think about it, you’ll realize that the average secretary goes to great pains to dress well, wear perfume, keep her makeup straight. And she does this all for men — for you!

But what a waste it is if the poor girl has to work from nine to five

and then get on a crowded bus or subway, go home to her pet poodle and a TV dinner — with nary a kind word, a warm glance or even — a fond caress.

Like every other woman the secretary is starved for romance. And like any other woman, when it comes her way, she responds — and how! Of course, a smart man knows that his secretary is nervous about breaking up a happy home. She doesn’t necessarily want a flat-out love affair any more than she wants her eyes scratched out.

But a little play now and then, a bit of fun and games, that’s another story.

Our sexy sex-retary on these pages works for what she calls, “an ideal boss.” When he has to take a trip to New York or Los Angeles, why he just naturally takes her along. “For —uh—dictation and—uh—things,” she says with a pert grin.

Of course, there are times when he

can’t take her along. Times when his wife has put in a prior claim. In that case, he lets his sex-retary have the run of the office so that she can practice her “uh — dictation and — uh — things.”

Sometimes too, he has to come back to the office and work late. Those are the moments she looks forward to. Thanks to his well-appointed office, with its well-stocked bar and comfortable couches and chairs, it is a pleasant environment, mixing business with pleasure. That’s when she gets her chance to show him that a workhorse can be a woman too.

This seems to keep her happy and it certainly keeps the boss satisfied. In fact, last night he gave her another raise.

If you’ve got a private secretary, take a tip from this article. Use her well — all of her. That’s the way to make her happy. And after all, who says that business can’t be fun?



Three cheers for vacationing bosses. They give a hard-working secretary a chance to enjoy office life.





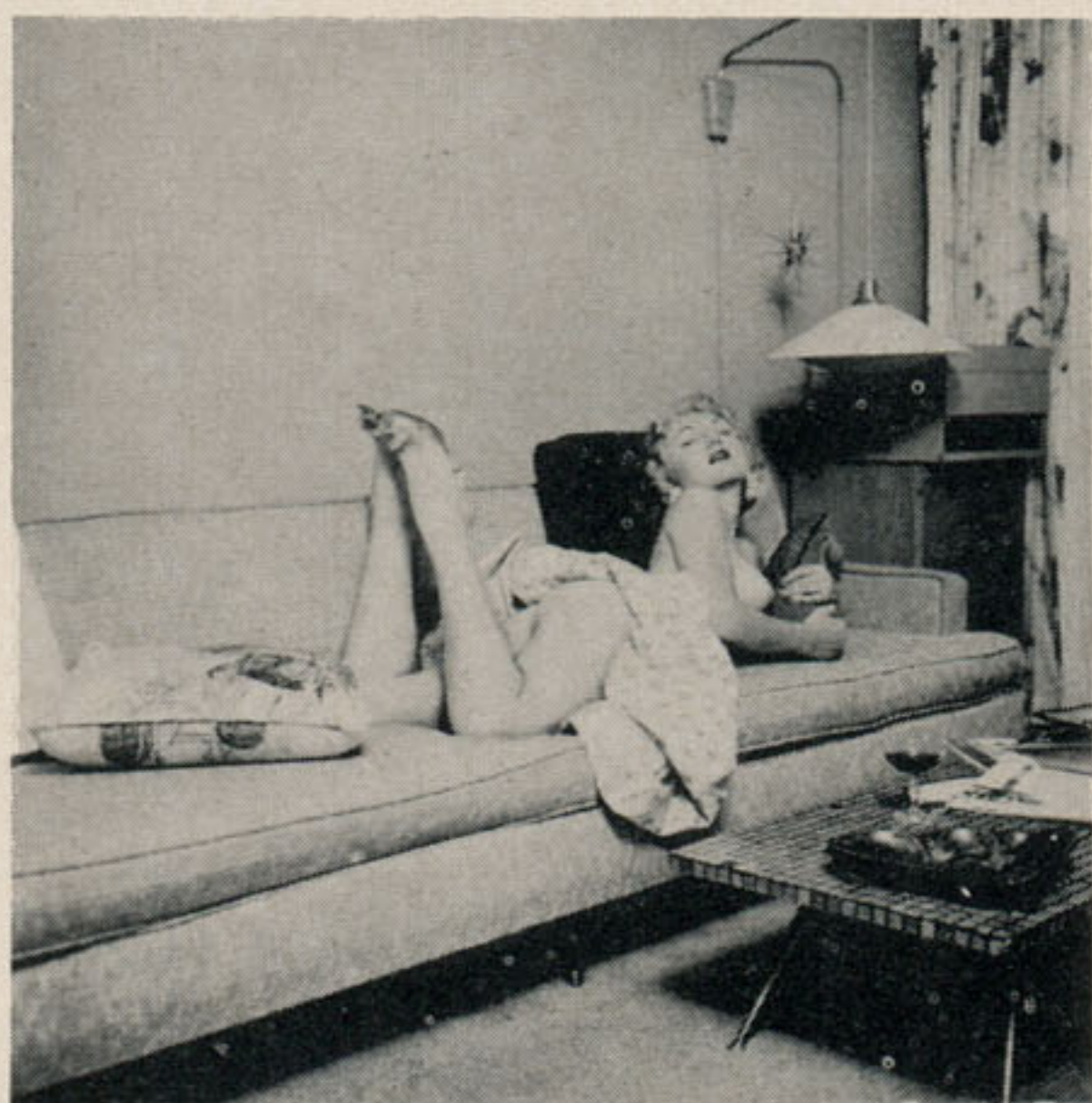
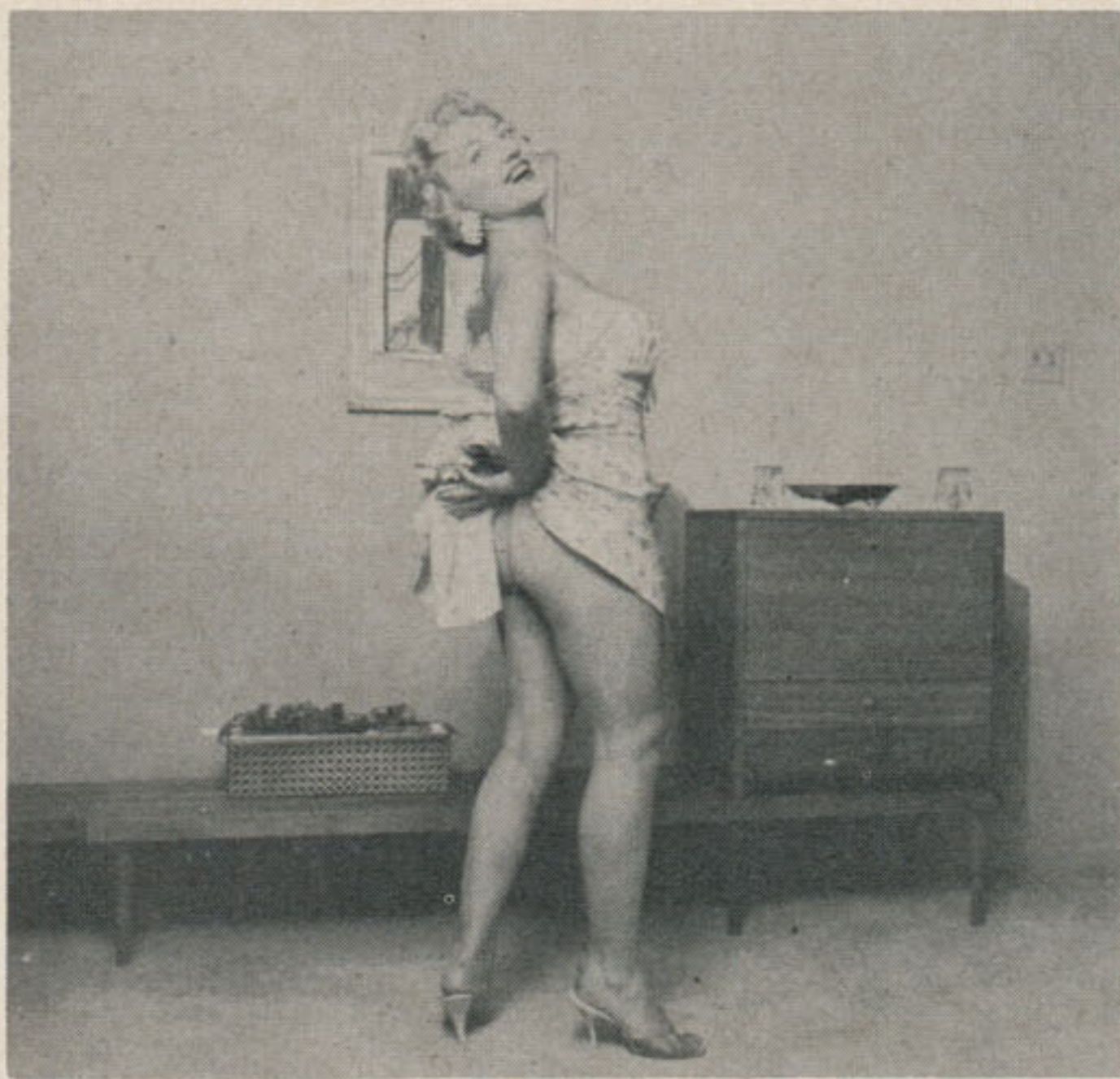
**A well-stocked liquor cabinet is
a big help to small business-men.**





After a hard day's typing, there's nothing like a relaxation-break.





So this is what the world looks like viewed from the top of his desk. Not bad, at all.



A title on the door rates a rug on the floor with a little something extra — namely me!



This is no exercise for tired executives but the boss likes tidy figures around the place.



by DON RIVER



SOUTH OF THE BORDER



*A lassie gets a lotta pattin'
when she learns to do it Latin!*



This Latin is from South Amboy, N.J., and typically torrid.

CALL IT MAMBO, call it cha-cha, call it samba, call it any name you like — the prime ingredient of any Latin dance is s-e-x.

For years the dashing, dark-eyed señoritas South of the border have practiced the arts of attracting men, not with a wink, but with a wiggle. A wink is over in a split second and some times it isn't even seen. A wiggle takes much longer. It conveys rhythm, excitement. It works like a bear trap.

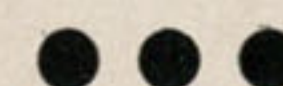
When you put that wiggle against the background of throbbing jungle drums, seductive guitars and the hot perfumes of a tropical night, you've got the kind of dynamite no red-blooded male can withstand.

And we can thank our stars that

this happy innovation is not just restricted to South America. In recent years our own Latins from Manhattan and from Maine to Missouri have learned a lesson from their South American sisters.

The pictures on these pages give you the proof. And 100 proof at that. You think this kid's a Latin? She's about as Latin as Mrs. Murphy's chowder — and twice as spicy.

As you can see from her flashing smile and curvy hips, she's inviting you to try something different. She's calling you South of the border. And once you try it you'll know that rock n' roll is just a poor substitute for the real thing. Go Latin, it's the way to love.





Wherever there's warm sun
and long grass there are
girls with rhythm, romance
and come-on eyes.







**Best thing about alarm clocks
is, you can turn them off, lie
abed and forget about school.**





COOKIE PLAYS HOOKEY

*Reverie to romance to rapture -
and the heck with school!*

by MITCH BEARD



SOME DAYS IT'S hard getting out of bed. So hard in fact, that you don't quite make it. You lie there ignoring the noisy summons of the alarm clock. You go back to your reverie—most often a dream of love.

Trouble is, the dream is an empty thing unless there's someone to share it with. Slowly the mind comes awake. The brain begins to spin. Plans take form. And — ah, there it is, the inspiration.

Reach for the telephone, dial a number and call that other person, the one you've been dreaming about. Chances are that they've been dreaming too.

This is what our pretty dark eyed coed did just a few mornings ago. It was a lovely spring morning. The sun was pouring in through the windows, warming her lovely silk smooth skin. She had a dream, the kind of dream she wanted to make a reality. And the dream did not include anything you can learn at school.

So, as the clock hands pointed to nine, and as the alarm jangled in her

ear, she played possum. She wasn't asleep. She was just forming her plan.

Slowly, luxuriously, so as not to disturb her mood, she rose. She took her time as she prepared her bath, as she drew her light, skin tight clothes over her shapely limbs.

And while the coffee was making friendly little noises on the kitchen stove, she picked up the telephone and called him.

She purred a brief description of her dream into his ear—not the whole thing. She wanted to save some of it for later. And it was no surprise to her to learn that he had exactly the same idea in mind. Somehow, she had a hunch that he was tuned in on her wavelength.

With a happy smile of anticipation, she hung up the telephone, took a last — unnecessary look — at herself in the mirror and got into the convertible.

It was a great day to be alive, a great day to play hookey. Try it yourself some time, the next time you find yourself dreaming the dream of love.



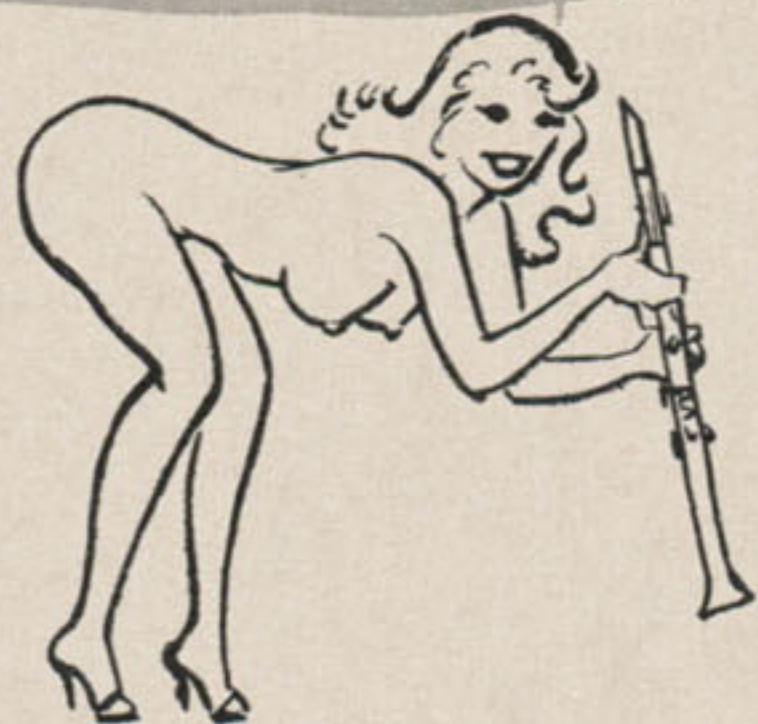


A leisurely breakfast, a look at the paper for a weather check and Cookie's off on a hookey date.





Music Made



by AL LEGRO

*Rhythm and riffs
lead to rapture*



NO ONE WE think will ever argue with Dorothy Parker's famous lines: Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker. This is the second grown-up fact that young men learn. The first fact, of course, is that women are fun!

And while we could never deny that liquor is the best lubricant to the lock of love, we feel that music is sometimes overlooked. This is a mistake. There never was a girl who passed out cold after too many hot records. Yet that's the risk you take when you feed her too many martinis.

Another thing that music has over liquor is that you can re-use it. A flat drink is a flat drink and down the drain it goes. A flat platter is something you can use over and over

again. And it costs just about the same.

In addition, music is a more subtle pretext. If you say to your juicy little chum, "hey, doll, let's go up to my pad and kill a bottle," you're letting her have it right between the eyes. That isn't where she wants it. She prefers a less obvious approach.

If, on the other hand, you say, "let's chase up to my pad and hear a few sides," you're giving her an excuse to say yes. Nine times out of ten that's all she wants, a legitimate excuse to say yes.

Whatever you do, don't make the mistake of getting low-down before she has the chance to go hi-fi. What she wants is a chance to soak up the mood, let down her hair kick off

Continued on the next page





her shoes. She wants to let the music run up and down the nerves of her body like hungry hands. If you move too fast you're liable to break that mood and find yourself with a head full of broken platter, staring at a still-vibrating door.

Let her set her own mood. Give her time. Start her off with something light, not too serious, gay and friendly. Then, gradually, warm it up. And watch her warm up too. Don't bother her with a lot of platter chatter, let the music work for you. Don't talk too much, don't interrupt

her mood. Just sit there—down boy! —and keep your eyes peel for the right moment.

After a while she'll begin to feel like yes. And if you keep warming up that music, a little Latin stuff, a little deep down blues and finally, something with a heavy, steady beat, her mood will change from yes to yes, yes, yes.

From that point on, you're on your own. And if any discs get broken in the process—well, can you think of a better way to break them?



Music got her into this mood, now who'll get her out?





WINE WOMEN and...

By ROBERT VILLON

MUCH HAS been written about wine drinking and most of it is highly tinged with snob-appeal. Wine, most of the writers would have you know, is an uptown drink with an unpronounceable French name and a built-in ritual. On the other hand, the term, "wino," is an expression of contempt for the poor lush who guzzles a gallon of muscatel.

In between these two areas, however, there is ample opportunity to sample the excellent wines produced right here at home. They are good, cheap, tasty. And if you know your way around women, *wine works for you!*

One big plus you get from a bot-

tle of wine, whether it be a fancy French import or a bottle of local juice from your corner drug store — is free romance. Set a wine bottle on the table, let the light of a candle filter through its ruby red contents and you have — for the small price of 98 cents — the most potent sorcery known to man.

Women react to wine the way felines do to catnip. And the man who has enough sense to pour wine is automatically invested with *savoir faire*.

If this seems like a big claim, you must realize the psychology implicit in it. Basically, what wine stands for is the subtle, gradual, controlled approach. No woman could ask for

more.

Instead of belting her with bourbon or mauling her with martinis or clobbering her with Scotch, you are implying that you are sure of yourself — so sure that you are willing to take your time.

This self-assurance, the kind that comes from a gesture, not a loud mouth, is what sets the hormones humming in a woman. She sees you self-assured, deliberate, in her eyes you're a man who knows what he's doing. Unconsciously she begins to expand in your direction. Without being aware of it, she's thinking, 'Well, if he knows what he's doing and he has me here, I must be really important to him.' Without even opening your mouth you've won round one.

Round two is another easy victory if you have sense enough to let the wine win it for you. Technique? Simple, pour slowly. A small splash at a time. Wine, especially red wine, is more attractive when light comes through it. Don't hand her a beer stein and fill it to the brim. Give her a little at a time. Pour slowly. Let her help herself. True, the clock is mov-



Back to Bacchus runs the road to romance!

ing, but even a short payoff can be sweet and it paves the way for next time.

Perhaps the best thing about wine is that it stimulates the senses without deadening them. Most Italians and French do not drink hard liquor because they want their senses to stay alive. Nothing is fun when you're too numb to feel it. And many a woman has gone home after a night of hard liquor disgusted because her mate was too drunk to conquer.

Wine seems to enter the blood stream in small doses. It warms the heart, soothes the nerves, it brings a gentle pink blush of subterranean excitement to a woman's smooth skin. Hard liquor is just that—hard, harsh, often violent. Wine is mellow, seductive, caressing.

No doubt about it, you can get drunk on wine. You can get roaring, looping, passing-out drunk—if you insist on it. But wine gives you warning before it is too late. It doesn't poleaxe you. If your love partner feels that she's getting a little too tiddly she can stop before the lights go out.

Breathes there a man anywhere who



hasn't plied some fair damsel with too much hootch, watching her eagerly as she belted it back, waiting for the moment to pounce. Only to find out that he's left with an inert, helpless bundle, with as much response in her as a deflated inner tube.

Wine spares you that because she can stop in time and you can stop in time. Stop drinking wine, that is, and get on to better things.

Have no doubt about it, those better things will come. She knows why she's there and she knows why you're there. Slowly, gently, she will become curious as to why you have not made your move. As her curiosity rises, her desire will rise. As the wine warms

her blood, her passion will grow. As you sit there idly twirling the stem of your glass, her eyes will narrow and her lips will part.

You will see her breast beginning to rise and fall with a quickening movement. Her blood cries out for wine and her senses hunger for your touch. When this moment occurs you can sense it as though someone had filled the room with a sudden hot light.

Then and only then do you begin that long caress she's been waiting for. And one thing more: be careful when you set down your wine glass. Treat it carefully and with respect. Remember, it was wine that brought you to the brink of rapture. ● ● ●



By NINA LEMAY

PEACH ON THE BEACH

*Make the dream come true -
back to nature - the easy way!*

IF YOU EVER watched a woman shop for a bathing suit you've learned more about women in that one experience than you might have in a lifetime. It is a classic example of woman's eternal struggle to get the most out of the least.

It sometimes takes a woman three weeks to choose the bathing suit she thinks will suit her best. She takes far less time to buy a dress and is capable of choosing a mate in five minutes.

But a bathing suit is a serious business. And there's a reason for it: she's stuck with something she doesn't really want. So what she strives to attain is a bathing suit that will show you — the watchful male spectator — what she's really like underneath. Sometimes she buys a bathing suit to make you *think* that's what she's really like underneath. In any case, it's the basic thing that pays off. And the basic thing is good enough for us.

It takes a smart male to recognize the essential fact that a woman,

especially a woman with a beautiful figure, is really anxious to show it off. And why shouldn't she! This is her greatest asset, it is the thing you want, the thing she's proudest of.

It doesn't take much persuasion on your part to get her to reveal the full extent of her charms. Not if you play your cards right. Don't forget, you're working in harmony with her most powerful urge. The fact that it is also your most powerful urge should make things easier. Unfortunately, this is not always the case.

Next time—instead of taking your lovely to a crowded beach, take her to some secluded spot. There she won't find your eye roving when she wants it fastened eagerly on her. Also, if you're a mighty light in the muscle department, you'll look better if you're all alone.

Pay her compliments, direct compliments, not fumbling gentle stammers. Tell her straight what you think of her best points. She'll blush, maybe, but she'll love it. And when you tell her that you'd like to get the

full treatment, the big picture, so to speak, she'll blush again. But she'll want to show it to you. And the chances are that she will.

Naturally, there's no swimming like swimming in the buff and if you've passed the first step, why, this is a natural conclusion. More people have fun in the water together without the hindrance of straps and zippers than you can imagine. But be careful not to go in over your head.

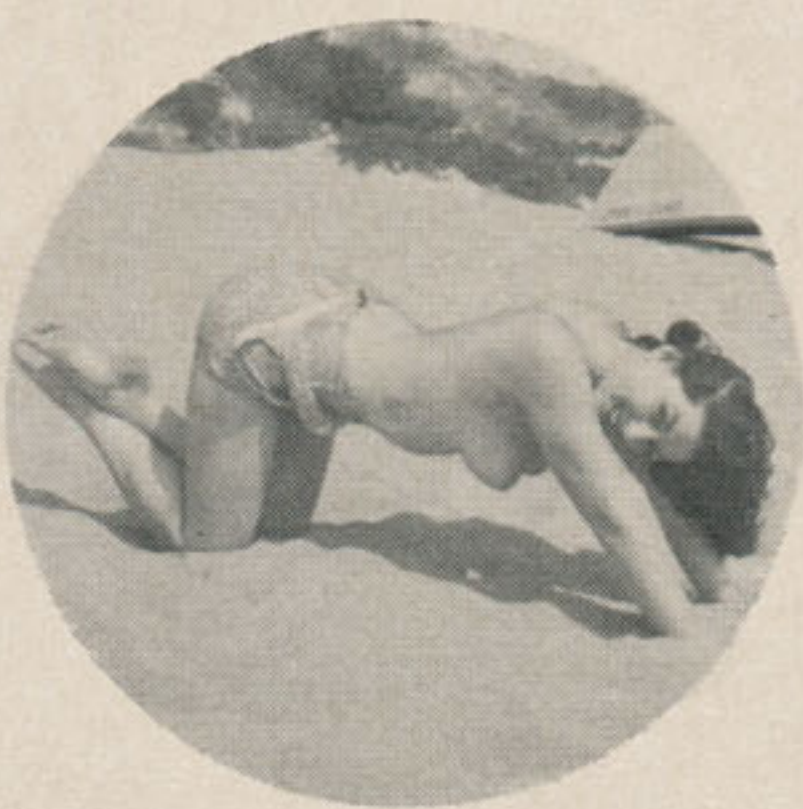
Then when you both emerge from the surf, blood racing, bodies tingling with excitement, you can help to dry her off. Rub her briskly at first to get her warm. And then when she feels the sun on her bare shoulders, stroke her, caress her, let her feel the warmth of your protective maleness.

It isn't hard to get back to nature on the beach. It's fun, it's cheap and it's easy. Only one thing to remember: take a blanket along. Sand is no fun at a picnic.





Many a girl has received a good tanning in return for over-exposure on a private beach.



Swimming in shortie night-gowns is more fun than in long ones—lots cooler too.





A smart girl won't go in for a swim until she's exhausted every opportunity on the shore.

ONE FOR THE ROAD

The old farmer had sold his farm, his watch, his white faced cattle just to give his pretty daughter a college education. But when she came home at Easter vacation, he got a great shock. Leaning over toward him as he drove her home from the station, the coed stammered:

"Paw, I got somethin' to tell you—I ain't a virgin no more."

The old man groaned. "Daughter," he said, "after all the things your Maw and I have done to get you a college education, you still say ain't."

* * *

Off on a nation-wide buying trip for three months, George was a considerate—though remote—husband. Every week he'd send his dear wife a telegram: "Can't come home, still buying."

At the end of the fourth month, wifey had had it. One night she got tired of crawling up the walls and she sent him the following wire: "Better come home. I'm gonna start selling what you're buying."

* * *

The anti-vice campaign netted three call girls who were duly arraigned before the Magistrate. "What's your line of work?" the Judge asked.

"I'm a dressmaker," one girl said shyly.

"And what's your profession?" the Judge asked the second girl.

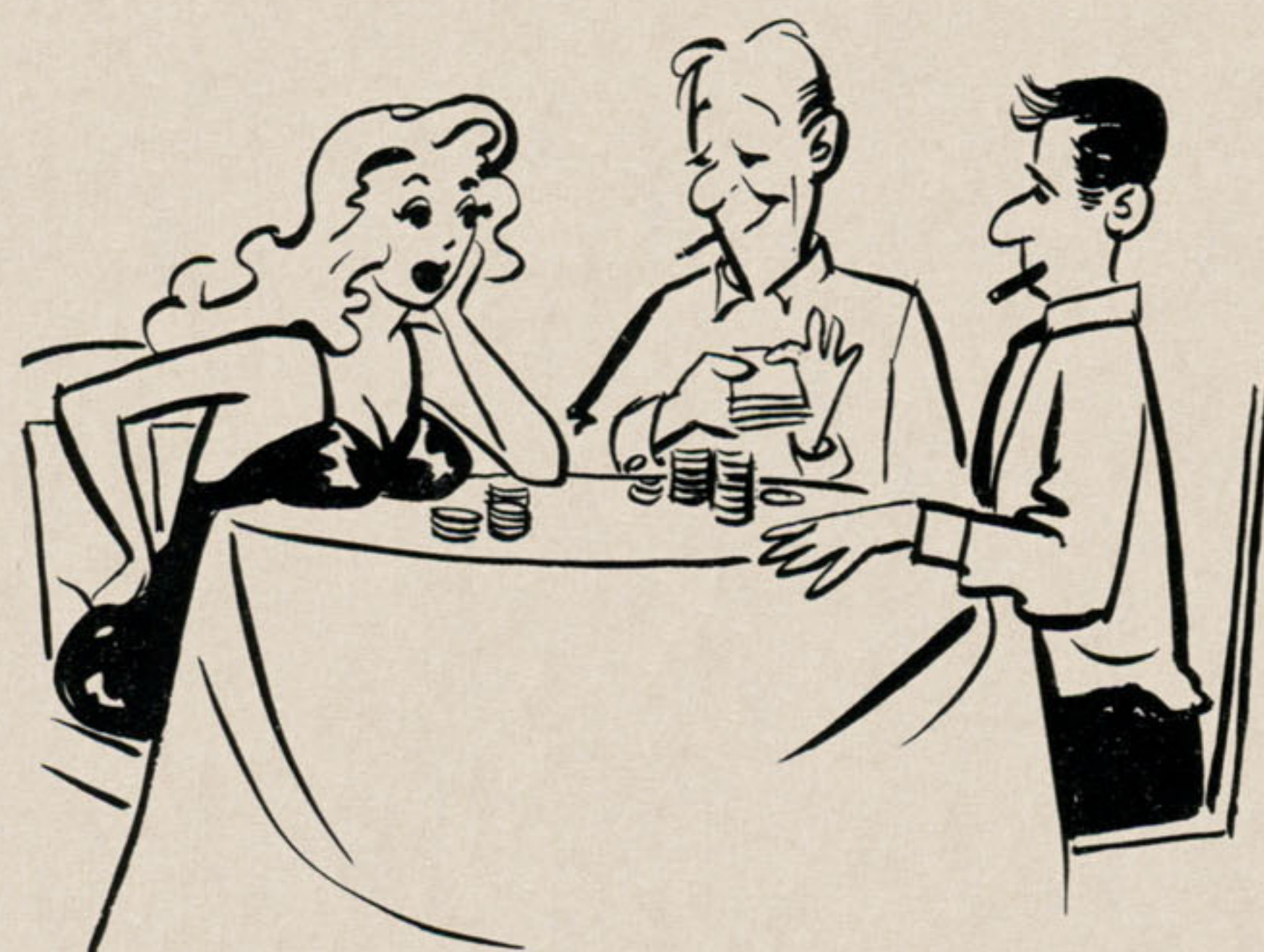
"I'm a dressmaker too, your honor."

"Hmm," said the Judge, "and what do you do, young woman?" he asked the third girl.

"I'm a prostitute, sir," she said.

"How's business?" the Judge asked.

"Lousy," she replied, "too damn many dressmakers around."



"Are we playing for table stakes?"

"How did you propose, daddy," a little boy asked his father. "Well, boy," his old man said, "we were sitting on the sofa, your mother and I, before she was married, and she leaned over and whispered in my ear. I said, 'The hell you are!' and the next day we got married."



"I'm tired, would you take the rent in cash?"

Martin and Mansfield were a comedy team who had toured the country and Europe for five years together. The partnership was a successful one and they worked in perfect harmony until Martin fell for a wedding ring act.

As they were well-known in show business, the wedding party was a dilly. People from Hollywood and Broadway, liquor enough to float the USS Forrestal, and the party went on 'til the small hours of the morning. Along around then, however, Martin began to get eager for his bride.

He looked all over for her and half an hour later, found her with his partner, buddy, sidekick, Mansfield—sharing a blanket together.

Backing out of the room with a roar of laughter, Martin returned to the party.

"How do you like that!" he told the other guests. "That drunken partner of mine—he's so gassed he thinks he's me."

Phillip Spencer was married to a woman who liked to give it away to all and sundry. When he tracked down the trail of her boyfriend, he wrote the cad a letter.

"Dear Sir," it said, "I know all about your illicit affair with my wife. I shall expect to see you in my office at ten o'clock next Thursday morning."

The reply was brief: "Dear Mr. Spencer," it said, "This is to acknowledge receipt of your circular letter. I'll be on hand next Thursday morning for the conference."

* * *

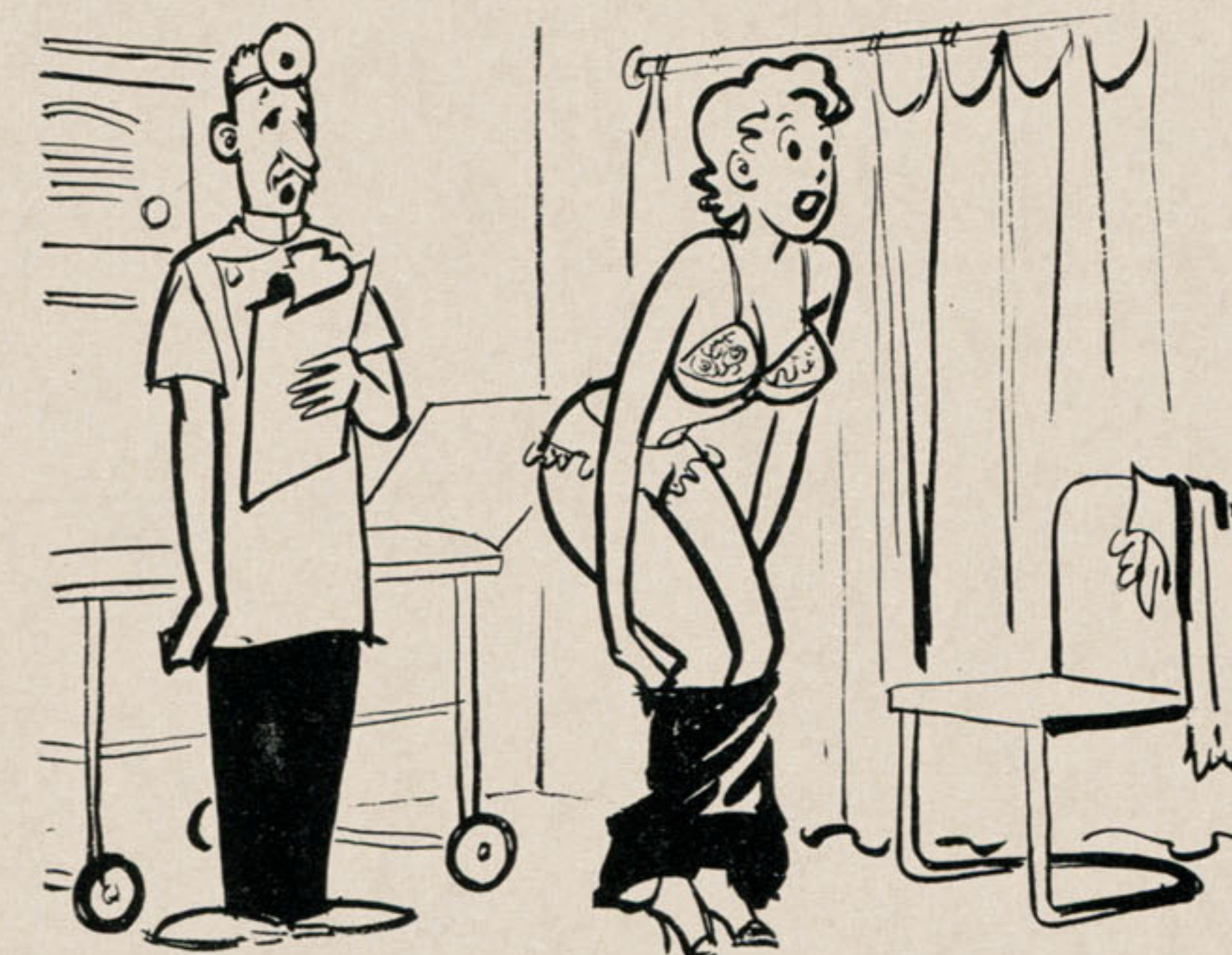
"Now, Lucy Ann," the backwoods Sunday school teacher said to a ripe, leggy teen-ager, "tell me, who was the first man?"

"Ah, d sooner die first," said Lucy Ann sullenly.

* * *

Overheard bit of conversation between two Hollywood would-be producers: "So what happened?"

"Well, I asked her what she was doing that evening and she said nothing much, so I took her out—and sure enough, she wasn't!"



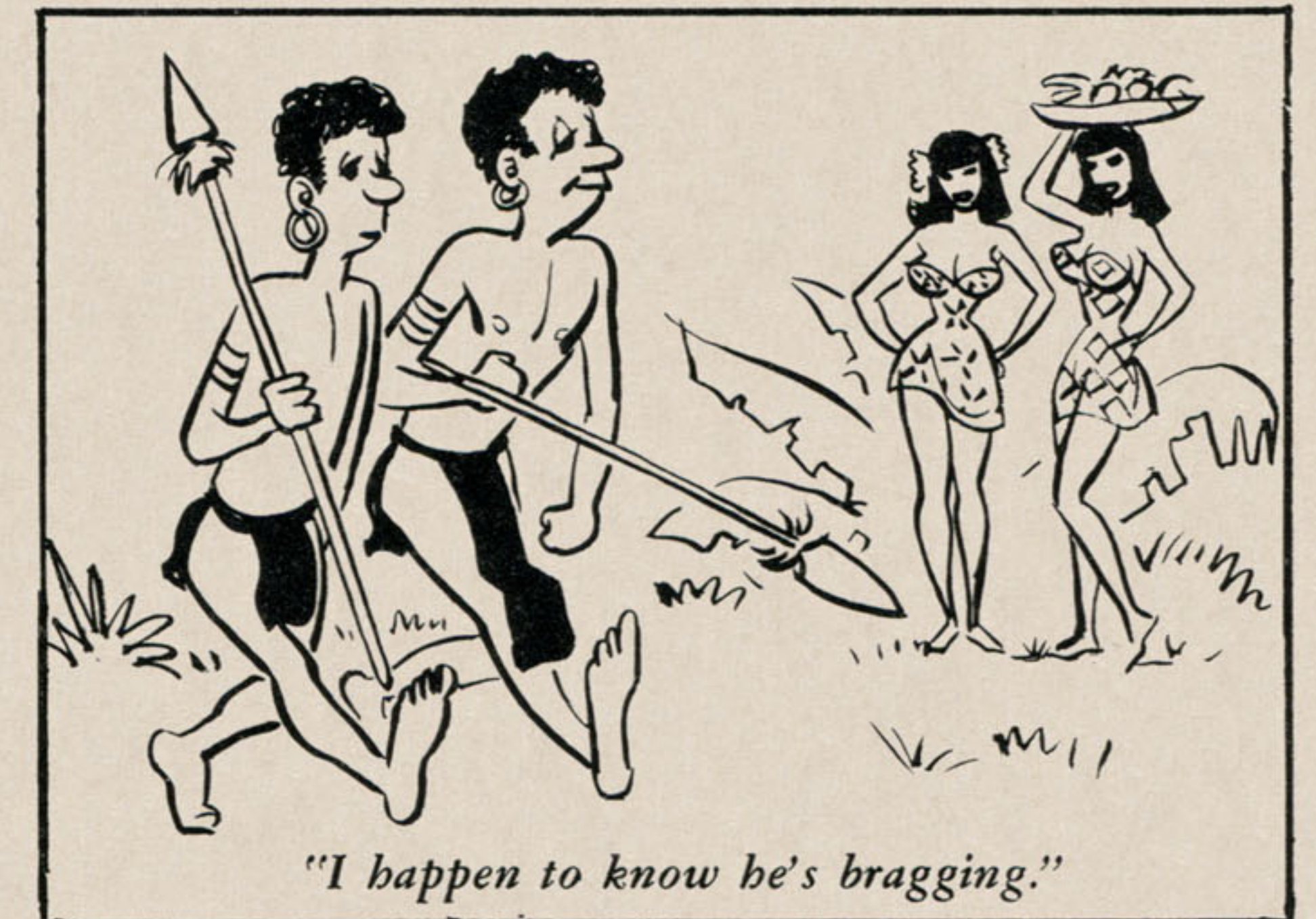
"No matter what diet you go on, you're going to gain weight for the next nine months."

On his first trip up to London the young American Airman strolled around Piccadilly until he spotted a buxom cockney cutey holding down a street corner and eyeing the passing trade. As the Airman looked her up and down a gust of wind fluffed her skirt above the Mason Dixon line. The Airman was delighted with the view but decided to imitate the subtle, English approach.

"A bit airy, isn't it," he said genially.

"Of course it's 'airy," the Cockney girl replied, "whatever did you expect—feathers?"

A famous Parisian mistress stated her philosophy succinctly, "Never make love in the morning—you never know whom you'll meet later in the day."



"I happen to know he's bragging."

The psychiatrist invited the starlet into his office, and casually instructed her to undress and lie down on his couch. As she followed his instructions, he disrobed and joined her. A willing patient, she cooperated fully with the doctor. Half an hour passed and the doctor got up slowly, dressed and resumed his position behind his desk.

"Now, Miss La Tour," he said judiciously, "that was the solution. Tell me, what is your problem?"

* * *

The vice squad raided New York's swankiest call house and the girls were bundled off to the Women's Detention Home. On the way an enterprising reporter managed to get into the paddy wagon for an interview. Sitting next to a staggeringly beautiful call girl, he asked her, "Honey, off the record, you must come from a good family, I can tell it by your manners. What's your real name?"

"Nancy Bulova," she replied in a low voice.

"Holy smokes!" the young reporter said, "are you related to the family that makes those hundred-dollar watches?"

"Junior," the call girl said, "the name is the same and the price is the same—but once I'm wound up, my movement is much more intricate."

* * *

Said a famous playwright to his son as he graduated from college. "Son, I have just this bit of advice to give you about women, and as you know, in my business, I meet a lot of them."

"Make love to every woman you meet. If you get five percent on your outlay, it's still a good investment."



NEW SLANT ON RAPTURE



*Teach Your Gal
To Go Geisha!*

by TAKO YAMI

LIKE SO MANY old sayings, the old saw, "East is East, West is West and never the twain shall meet," has been disproved in modern times. The Oriental influence is everywhere these days and getting stronger all the time.

Naturally, we're not suggesting that you throw away your king-sized bed and do your entertaining on a straw mat—a fellow can get some mighty serious injuries that way. But we are suggesting that you look to the subtle East for a new spice to your life.

For centuries lovely young women in Japan have been meticulously trained in that most important of all arts—how to please men. As so many servicemen have discovered, they have raised this art to a higher level than in any other place in the world.

Japanese women learn how to use their voices, they learn the delicate technique of pleasant conversation

and the ways to create that all-important atmosphere that is the prelude to love.

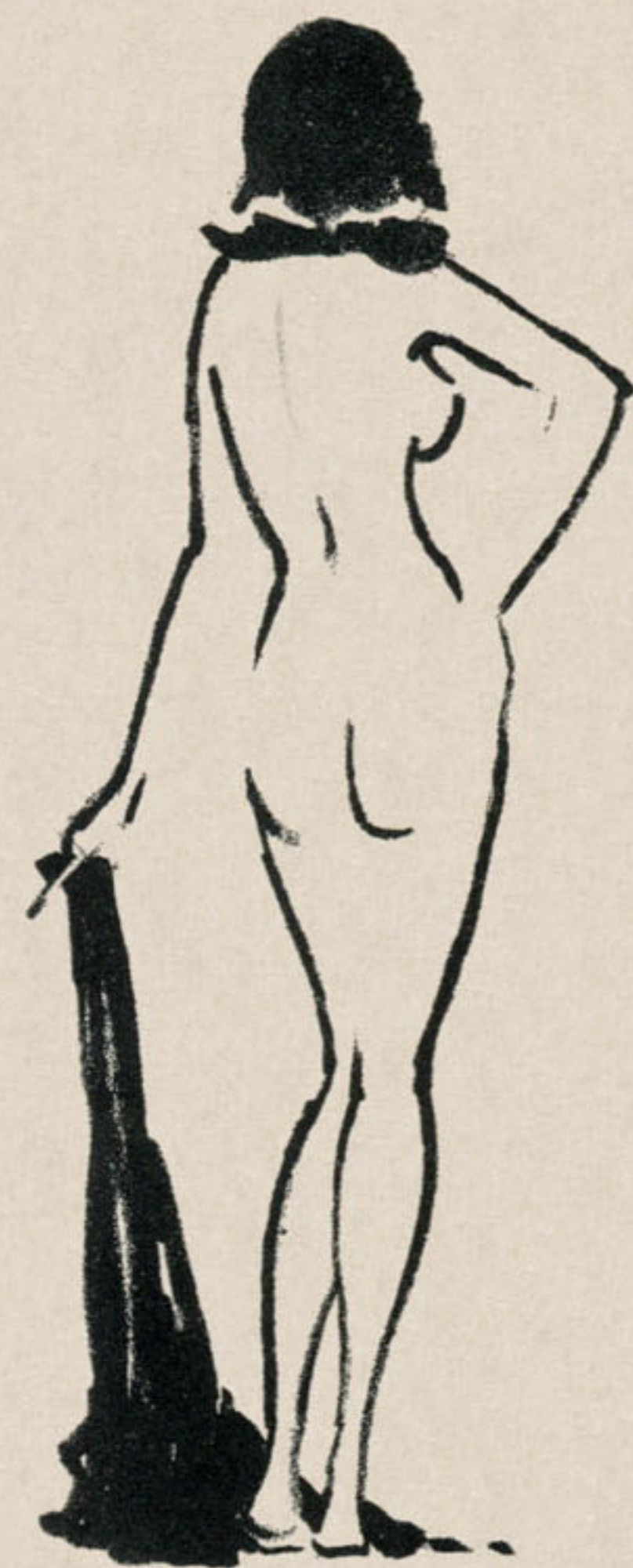
Without casting aspersions on our own luscious females, it must be admitted that there are times—particularly in the yak-yak department—when our cuties might take a lesson from the soft-voiced, modest Japanese.

But there are other things as well. Lighting is important and the Japanese have developed soft seductive lights to cast the glow of romance on their meetings. In fact, all the senses—touch, taste, smell, hearing, and, of course, sight—are aroused *gently, slowly*, until the final moment of culmination.

Happily for us, the young maiden on these pages is as American as root beer—you don't have to journey three thousand miles to find her. Happily also, she has blended East and West to perfection.

Continued on the next page





Ah, so, honorable Mellican
rady rook velly pletty in
Nipponese pajama outfit.



The truth about Oriental women is that they always sleep diagonally across the bed—very good for posture.



In the gentle, seductive expression of her eyes, the voluptuous curves of her body, in her air of modest expectancy you can see all the delights of the mysterious East demonstrated right here at home.

So next time you throw a party or invite your passion pal to your pad, why don't you try it the Oriental way? Clear out the furniture, all except the most essential item with its innerspring comforts.

Get a bottle of Sake (on second thought, make it two) hang up a bamboo screen for the sake of intimacy (and so you won't disturb your roommate and get down to a little serious — er — flower arranging.

The odds are that your girl will be glad to Go Geisha if you teach her that Oriental Slant.



RAPTURE



RAPTURE



RAPTURE

MUSIC MADE!

Rhythm and riffs lead to Rapture...

PRIVATE SEXRETARY

When boss is away, baby likes play!

NEW SLANT ON RAPTURE

Teach your gal the Geisha way...

And Girls, Girls, still more Girls!

